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Poem to J. E. C. from W. D. L., 1862 April 19

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Recommended Citation

"Poem to J. E. C. from W. D. L., 1862 April 19" (1962). *Thomas Green Clemson Papers, Mss 2*. 912.
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[April 19, 1862]

5-11
A
C626

Lines.

For Miss F. E. C.

June of Wilkins & his Diary

1*

All prisoners confined in the Old Capitol Jail.
Must know that Hebas Corpus will never avail
In taking them hence for it is lately decreed
That Law is of no use to all men of our creed

2

But this one advantage is ours to claim
The prisoners in Jail & yet proud of that name
While others fall down the Statue from their shelves
We legally make other laws for ourselves

3

Abe Lincoln of all gone with imperial power
Destroys the works of long years in an hour
Makes Anarchy reign keeping sin upon sin
While we are establishing order within

Chorus * 1

But heed not the waddle of tyrants
or knaves. No laws they make the can't make
us slaves. Unheeding the wrong & maintaining the
right. We'll stick to our creed until the end
of the fight.

Over

4
Outside in the Halls where the multitude throng
To speak certain truths is essentially wrong
But here we are more free be it spoken or sung
There's a lock on the door but no lock on the tongue

5
You are charged with having worn a Rebel gray coat
But having examined each Bastion & No. 1
Along the banks of the Potomac you laugh & you cry
For did see a moat but 'twas all in your eye

6
Outside if you dull with a stick for a gun
You are called a vile rebel & treated as one
But here we have a banacks in every room
And in lieu of a musket deposit into a broom

7
So let us be content whatever may come
We will live upon hope in the absence of Rum
And in water we'll drink when afflicted with drought
A health to Old Jeff & success to the South

April 19th
1862

Yours with great respect & esteem
W. D. W.

Prison Song.